THE PACIFIC

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Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room

THE STILL, SMALL VOICE.

Amid the noisy whirl of life,
Its tumult and its fear,
There is a soft and winning voice
Comes whispering in my ear:
I hear it in the busy day,
In the stillness of the night,
And though I flee, it follows me,
In darkness and in light:
That pleading voice, that winning voice,
Still whispering in my ear;
It makes me know my sin and woe
And shows a Savior's near.

The thunder hath a mighty tongue,
The earthquake speaks in wrath,
And howling winds declare God's will
Along their stormy path;
But mightier than the tempest's breath
Is that soft word in stillness heard,
When stoutest hearts are bowed:
That pleading voice, that winning voice,
Still whispering in my ear;
It makes me know my sin and woe
And shows a Savior's near.

On land or sea, in storms or calm,
This still small voice is nigh;
But when I hear God's holy word
It speaks most tenderly;
It tells me of my sin and guilt,
It tells of God's great love;
It hides my shame, it names that name
All other names above:
That pleading voice, that winning voice,
Still whispering in my ear;
It makes me know my sin and woe
And shows a Savior's near.

—Minot J. Savage.

THE PACIFIC

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PACIFIC COAST IN BRIEF.

The sum of $200,000 has been subscribed in Walla Walla for Whitman College. This was the first step toward raising an additional endowment of two million dollars. This will be increased to $500,000 in the Northwest and then Eastern friends will come forward with some large amounts. Whitman has passed out of the list of denominational colleges; and the aim is to make it the leading college of the Pacific Northwest—some time for the West what Yale has been for the East.

The Pacific coast, especially California, is usually thought of by many people as the greatest fruit country in the United States. And it is as to some kinds of fruit. But as to apples there are several states that lead the best on the coast. A recent estimate of the number of apple trees of bearing age puts Missouri in the lead with 20,040,399. New York comes next with 15,054,832. Illinois has 13,450,006; Ohio, 12,952,625; Kansas, 11,848,070; Pennsylvania, 11,774,211; Michigan, 10,927,899; Indiana, 8,624,593; Kentucky, 8,757,238; Virginia, 8,190,025. California has 2,878,169; Oregon, 2,825,898; Washington, 2,735,824. And ahead of us in addition to the states already named stand Tennessee, Arkansas, Iowa, North Carolina, West Virginia, Maine and Nebraska, in the order named. In the number of pear trees California leads with 2,512,890. New York stands next with 2,183,900. Michigan next with 1,187,110. Texas next with 1,644,680. In Oregon and Washington there are not many pear trees, according to the estimate, less than 400,000 in each state. Idaho gives promise of becoming noted as an apple state. She already has 982,394 trees of bearing age. Utah has 715,778. Arizona 45,996.

A Los Angeles correspondent of the New York Post says that the fruit growers of California have only one complaint to make, and that is that their crops are too abundant, resulting in low prices. We quote: "In some sections, it has been necessary to allow from 10 to 20 per cent of the apricot crop to rot on the trees. Probably the same course may be adopted with the prune crop. In the Imperial valley nearly two thousand carloads of canteloups have been marketed. The growing of canteloups on so large a scale in this region was never before attempted. It is not likely it ever will be again,, unless the railroads and refrigerator-car companies adopt a different policy. It is claimed that the total net profit from nearly 2,000 carloads of canteloupes amounted to just about $1,500—or less than $1 a carload. Good prices were realized, but freighting and icing charges consumed practically all the profits." As to the economies of the people the same writer says: The people of the West are loath to admit it, but it is true, nevertheless, that their prosperity depends to a great extent upon the extent and liberality of the tourist trade. This year the 'crop' of tourists is far below normal, and the tourists in evidence show a disposition to be economical. This is natural and inevitable, and a sign of wholesome adaptation to the needs of the situation, rather than an augury of evil for the future. Nevertheless, it is reflected in the very unusual number of vacant houses at all seaside and mountain resorts, and in the lugubrious countenances of tradesmen and hotel-keepers."

There is in operation in the Gulf of Lower California what is said to be the largest pearl farm in the world. One thousand persons are employed in harvesting the annual crop. Some of the gems are worth $300 a carat. Pearl farming, as originated by the Mexican company who own the big Lower California farm, is the result of the discovery of a very simple fact concerning pearl-bearing mollusks. After twenty-five years of study and experiment it was discovered that the shell loses its gem after it is two years old, and, unless opened at the proper time, there will be no pearl within. Following this discovery the system whereby the shells are cultivated until the proper time and then opened, was devised. A writer in the Scientific American says concerning it: "From the time of planting the eggs to the harvesting of the crop, two years must elapse, as that length of time is required for the growth of an ordinary shell. The eggs, which are gathered with the shells during the season when the eggs are being deposited, are placed in protective cages in the bottom of which are little artificial channels, made to imitate the bottom of the sea. The utmost care is taken to protect the young mollusks from their natural enemies. When they have arrived at the proper age, they are transferred to larger cages also designed to protect them. During the transferring the stock is carefully inspected and all the "dead" or non-bearing shells are thrown out. The second cages are placed in deeper water and in them the shells are left to develop for two years, when the harvest of pearls is ready to be gathered. The divers descend into the cages with little risk, for, like the mollusks they seek, they are protected by the stout walls of the cage. The pearling methods in vogue across the equator are vastly different and serve as a horrible example of wastefulness. The usual method under the old system in addition to being most uncertain is unnecessarily destructive. In the search for pearls great quantities of shells are pried open, an operation that is certain death to the mollusk within. The extent of the waste by the old method is shown by the statement that at the Australian pearl fisheries one gem to the bushel of shells is considered a good catch. Many pearl fishermen crush the shells in their eagerness, thus destroying the value of even the shell; while others use the Oriental method of opening the shells, namely, piling them in the sun to dry and decay. On the model Lower California farm it has been demonstrated that it is possible to open gently the valves of the shell with a pair of tweezers to disclose the presence or absence of the pearl and to return the mollusk to the water alive and uninjured."

IT SHOULD BE LOCE ANG-EL-ESS.

So Says Charles F. Lummus of the Los Angeles Public Library In the Article Herewith.

It is a curious predicament when the very inhabitants of an American city call its name in no less than twelve different ways, of which eleven are wrong and five are barbarous. This unhappy and probably unique distinction belongs to Los Angeles, Cal. Yes it is old enough to be known better. It was properly pronounced for more than a century before the new immigration set up so tall a Tower of Babel.

The commonest and worst atrocity sounds like "Lost Angie Lees," as distinguished by stress from a presumtive Seraphina Lees, or Kittie Lees—flat o, jelly g, and those flowery beds of Ees upon which philology will never be carried to the skies. I cannot recall that any other city in the world is so blithered, even by its strangest visitors. Here are three massacres in four syllables. There is in Spanish no flat o; there is no "Oh, Gee!" and while there is our sound of double e, it is written with an i. It is upon this special boggle-pronunciation that the Merry Widow mind predicates its sorry jest of "City of Lost Angels."

Other pronunciations current even here—besides the "Loss Anjeloss" practically confined to a few unacclimated persons—are:

Loss Angie Less; Loss Ang-el-eez; Loss Ang-el-ess; Loss Ann-Hell-Eez; Loss Ann-Hell-Ess; Loss Ann-Hay-Lace; Loce Ann-jell-Eeez; Loce Ann-Jell-Ess; Loce Ann-Hay-Lace; Loce Ang-El-Eeez.

It is providence that no one yet (so far as I know) has come to "Lost Angel Ease." But an Eastern paper sitting in judgment on our attempt to clinch the fit prounnciation, solemnly and editorially (if this be not tautology) assured us that the accent of the word must come on its second syllable; and that it is "ann-Hail-ace". So it is only a question of time when some Abner Dean of Angel's shall "raise his point of order, when—"

As this city was founded in 1781, and then christened by a name already ancient in a language which is one of law; and as that name has only one correct pronunciation, it seems to be time to establish and make official the due concord of sweet sounds. The popular difficulty lies chiefly with the g. Spanish g before e has no precise equivalent in English. It is almost exactly the German ch in "buch." Those who call the name "Ann Hell" are less outlandish than the "Angie" people; but they are still far from the fact.

Quite as bad are those who give the two e's the "day" sound (which e in Spanish has only when accented) and call the last word "Ahn-hay-Lace." This is indeed a commonplace of the two-bit, "Spanish-in-twenty-four-lessons," vocabularies; but is as offensive to the critic as the jabber g. Despite notable geographic differences, the e sounds are identical in "Heaven," "Hell," and Los Angeles.

The nearest that can be asked of a busy American population, is our hard "g" as in "Anger"—and it's near enough. For precisionists, it needs only to add a certain nasal to the hard "g," bringing it toward the German "ch." The "o" is long and the first word rhymes with "dose." The "e's" are almost exactly like "e" in "bed' and "yes."

There is an attempt locally to secure an official pronunciation of this honorable name—historic to this city for more than a century, and of course of fame long before Portola picked and named the site, and De Neve founded this particular pueblo. The following local jingle covers the case reasonably well:

The lady would remind you, please,
Her name is not
Lost Angie Lees,—
Nor Angie anything whatever.
She hopes her friends will be so clever
To share her fit historic pride
"The "g" shall not be jellified.
"O" long, "g" hard, and rhyme with "yes,"
And all about
Loce Ang-El-Ess.

A JAPANESE GOODBYE TO HIS COLLEGE FRIENDS.

Among the graduates at Pomona College this year was Mr. O. E. Odanaka of Japan, who before his graduation was appointed to an important diplomatic position in his native country.

We give here his words of farewell to his fellow students a short time before his departure for his home in Japan:

"It was four years ago that my longing eyes caught the first sight of the American shore, from the deck of the Kaga Maru, and now the time has come that I must bid farewell to all my college friends.

"What did I come for? What have I gained here? I came first to study English, and the social institutions, and also to put myself in touch with Americans of character, for I believe that education alone cannot make a man or a nation, in the truest sense. Upon my landing in Seattle I was not able to succeed in my desires; from here I passed through several northern cities and came to San Francisco, where I noped to find something more valuable in American civilization than the meaningless voices of hoodlums and politicians. Unfortunately, the city of the Golden Gate did not favor me with her bright side, but her dark side. Again the wanderer set his face toward the South, the land of sunshine. Here I had an opportunity to enter Pomona College.

"I remember well my first greeting at the depot, where I was surrounded by the sympathetic reception committee of the Y. M. C. A.

"During my college year I studied hard and all literary and classical studies opened my eyes the wider. Football and track interested the jiu-jitsu boy, and much pleasure I derived from Plug Ugly, Metate and tally-ho; but more than these, I felt the uplifting influence as I came in closer touch with the Faculty and student body. The ringing voice of President Gates and others was to me at chapel service an inspiration. The man from the samurai country discovered in the college an opportunity for character building. We know it is the men of strong character t hat wield the greatest influence in a nation. To us President Roosevelt is the embodiment of all that is strong and noble, not because he is a man of scholarship or well versed in social etiquette, but because he does what he thinks is **right**, caring little for the opinion of the people. In my country, people of character are valued as much as in the land of freedom.

"Since the Japanese school question of two years ago in San Francisco, the hot-headed gentlemen of both sides of the Pacific made sensational statements in speech and press as if war were imminent. These war predictions have had no ground whatever, only in the minds of those that uttered them. In both countries all are not equally informed and many are misled by these mischievous sentiments; and if these increase they will be the cause of much ill feeling between the nations. It is criminal to talk of international conflicts which have no basis. Both Providence and com-

mon sense forbid war between the two countries. Why should we destroy one hundred and ninety-eight million dollars of annual commerce on the Pacific, which was built by the indefatigable spirit of enterprise of America and the indomitable courage of Japan within our lifetime? There is no reason why we should break the unwritten alliance between the two countries, which we have kept for half a century, when the bride of Japan shook hands with the bridegroom of America at the Bay of Uraga, under the match-making of Commodore Perry. I feel that the mission of the two countries should be to bring the White and the Brown into harmony. Both nations have high ideals and lofty ambitions toward the progress of human civilization. It will be my duty in my coming diplomatic service to foster this feeling of mutual confidence, for the preservation of our future prosperity and peace. And now I say goodbye to all my college friends and leave this my pledge with you."

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

A recent census gives China a population of 438,214,000.

It is said that by means of a new invention for feeding ground-up bituminous coal to water-gas generators a good heating gas can be made at a cost of nine cents a thousand.

Between January 1st, 1908, and July 1st, 1908, more than six thousand saloons were closed. There is nothing comparable with it in the history of the temperance crusade.

There are 115 American firms engaged in business in China, and 2,862 persons. The British firms number 490, the persons 9,205; Japanese firms and persons are the most numerous, being 1,416 and 45,610 respectively. There are 239 German firms, and 3,553 persons.

More than 150,000,000 barrels and smaller circular articles for similar purposes are made in the United States each year. The heaviest demand comes from the cement business. The flour business ranks next, closely followed by sugar. Containers for fence staples, bolts, nuts, nails, and packages of roasted coffee, spices, crockery, fruits and vegetables follow in the order named, while glass manufacturers, baking powder companies, liquor distillers and candy, tobacco and cheese packers are big users of barrels. The demand for barrels for molasses, oil, lard and pork is also enormous, while dry paint, glue, snuff, oatmeal, screws, castings and general hardwood articles annually increase the demand.

The census bureau is authority for the statement that the output of pins in the United States for 1907 reached the vast total of 133,000,000 gross, or 19,000,000,000 pins, which means 225 pins for every man, woman and child in America. These figures are for the common pin, and do not include hairpins, safety-pins, or the importation of an unstated quantity of pins from other countries. If the average length of pins be assumed to be an inch, America has produced in a single year, at a cost of about $700,000, 1,600,000,000 feet, or 320,000 miles of pins—pins enough, if laid end to end, to go around the world 13 times, or to make a 100-strand cable between New York and Liverpool.

It is said that the city of Toledo, Ohio, has fewer young criminals in proportion to the population than any other city in the United States. This is attributed to the wisdom and activity of Mr. John E. Gunckel. He set to work with the newsboys, who give the tone to the juvenile underworld. He provided for the organization of baseball teams, bands, cadet and drum corps, but no young Arab could "make the team" without going into training, and sweating from his system swearing, stealing, gambling, lying, drinking and cigarettes. No one is excluded from membership in the Newsboys' Association; but no one can become an officer or enjoy any of the special honors without first having gained moral distinction. This seems to be one of the best examples of the merit system on record—every one invited, but absolutely no hope of advancement except for desert.

The Rev. Dr. Campbell Morgan, being asked the question, should women preach? replied that he does not share the popular prejudice against women in the pulpit. "If the Holy Spirit bestows upon some woman a gift in the ministry of the Word, no ecclesiastical organization has any right to prevent her exercising that gift; and there certainly ought to be room in our churches for the exercise of every gift bestowed by the Head of the Church through the Spirit, without reference to nationality, social position or sex, for these three distinctions are abolished in Christ." Dr. Morgan adds: "I believe that the history of the Church will prove that the gifts for ministry have been bestowed almost exclusively upon men, and that very largely because women's sphere of highest work, than which there is no greater, is the home. Yet it must also be added that there has been a most remarkable succession of exceptions to this rule, women having exercised gifts of preaching with conspicuous power and gracious result. Adele Fielde, recalled from her missionary work in China, was charged with having taken upon herself to preach. When under examination she was asked if she had ever been ordained to preach, her reply was: 'No, but I believe I have been foreordained.' Such would be the reply of any woman, truly conscious of a gift received, to the cirticism or prejudice of any who should object."

California pears sold in New York the last week in July for one-third what they brought at the same time last year. A writer in a New York paper says concerning fruit this year: "Peach and pear consumers may buy at low prices all the fruit they can eat and pay for this year, and apple lovers are likely to have a similar opportunity, if the present prospects for a heavy crop are maintained. Merchants who keep in close touch with the fruit-growing sections say this is a 'fruit year;' that never before have there been such heavy crops of peaches and pears, and that while the consumer and railroads have profited the producer has had to be content with small profits, and, in some cases, losses. The fact is, large crops and decreased consumption have operated to bring down prices to the producer, and he has suffered accordingly. For instance, it is estimated that 6.000 carloads of peaches will have come into New York from Georgia alone before the season ends. A carload is 500 crates. each crate containing six baskets. The freight on a crate is 50 cents, and some of the crates have already sold for not more than that sum. Others have brought 75 cents, while the producer has been pleased if he obtained $1 or $1.25." A merchant is quoted as saying in reply to the question. What is the cause of the

small consumption of fruit this year? "Fruit is a luxury. Bad trade has raised the price of meat and potatoes, but has helped to lessen the price of fruit. That sounds like a paradox, doesn't it? When times are good, the workingman buys fruit and a variety of vegetables; but when times are bad, as they have been for the last few months, he lives on things that will sustain him, such as meat, potatoes, onions, cabbage and bread, and spends little of his money on fruit and the more fancy vegetables. The result has been disastrous to the fruit grower, and, to a lesser extent, to the market gardener. At certain times during the season, shippers have left hundreds of packages of fruit and vegetables on the railroad docks rather than pay the freight and sell the stuff in a market which was already overstocked."

On the subject of The Religious Press and the Political Campaign, the Boston Transcript says: "In so far as the religious press reflects the attitude of church people, its position with regard to the pending presidential campaign is significant. Many of the denominational journals have published pictures of the two leading candidates, in certain cases giving them the prominence of the cover position. Last week's Zion's Herald placed on opposite pages the portraits of Mr. Bryan and Mr. Taft, with a life story of each, occupying precisely the same number of columns. Editorially, few of these papers take the decided partisan stand, for they are responsible to all elements in their respective churches. One or two of the papers published in Chicago have a rather pronounced leaning toward Mr. Bryan. Ultra-conservative journals in the South find it difficult to accept gracefully Mr. Taft's Unitarian proclivities, and he may lose some votes on that account. Absurd and inconsistent with American principles is the reasoning of those who think that they bear witness to the truth by thus proscribing a man of Mr. Taft's caliber. He has also failed to satisfy some church people of rabid anti-Catholic tendencies because of what they consider too large concessions to Rome in the disposition of the Friars' lands in the Philippines. Such are not troubled over his Unitarianism; but the mere thought that he may be hand and glove with Rome is more than these Protestant zealots can abide. However, the great majority of church members in this country will cast their ballots actuated by the considerations that should govern the Christian and the patriot, and they will settle the question on the far broader grounds of the personal qualifications of each candidate and the fitness of the party behind him to administer the country for another four years." As to the prominence of the religious element, The Transcript adds: "It has not escaped attention that both men on the two leading tickets represent not only general sympathy with religion, but a personal interest in the church life of the country. Both Mr. Bryan and Mr. Kern are Presbyterians, and the former is of the old school pattern, so far as theology goes. Unquestionably his addresses the past eight years before Young Men's Christian Associations and other religious bodies have struck a note very acceptable to the rank and file of Christian people throughout the land, and have helped extend the popular conviction that he is thoroughly sincere in his religious as well as his political views. Nor was Mr. Taft's relation to the church assumed for the purposes of the present campaign, but was bred in the bone. Mr. Sherman is allied with the Dutch Reformed Church, one of the stanchest conservative bodies in this country. It is interesting also to note that the candidates are assiduous in attendance upon church even during the summer Sundays. This, I believe, represents not a catering to Christian opinion, but a settled habit, and yet it is an incidental reflection of the respect which men in public life have for the church. It would hardly be possible in the present state of public opinion to nominate to these high offices men who cared little for religion and its outward embodiment in churches and institutions. This is one of the signs that the world is moving forward in the right direction. In the political campaigns of one hundred and fifty years ago in this country a man's personal church connections were far less of a makeweight than they are today. It goes to show that in spite of all the talk about the decaying influence of the Church, it affects public life in subtler and far more powerful ways than ever before. We shall never recede from the ground reached in this present campaign."

VACATION VAGARIES.

By W. H. G. Temple, D. D.

V.

All Seattle has gone camping. It is true the streets are full of people, and the stores are crowded from morning till night, and the hum and buzz of the city's industries keep up to their full height, and yet in answer to one's inquiry almost everybody one knows has gone to the shores of Lake Washington, or of the Sound, for their summer outing. Nature offers peculiar inducements at this season of the year. The weather is settled—that is, generally—the thermometer hovers at about 60 degrees in the tube night and morning, occasionally putting on airs to the extent of 70 or 75 degrees during the afternoon, and the foliage and bloom of the year are at their best. The school children demand room enough to employ their surplus steam, and their parents are quite willing they should have it. Society people, who have been saying primly, "potatoes, prunes and prisms," substitute a real "call of the wild" through the woods and across the waters, and dress in calicoes and act like real healthy and sensible human beings for the so-called "heated term" in any other part of the world. Dainty little women, who wouldn't for the life of them soil their tapering fingers with greasy dishwater ten months out of the year, and are so conventional in their maternity that they scarcely see their children while the functions are on, move out to their summer bungaloes, do all their own work and romp with their children up and down the beaches and over the hills with an abandon that proves they have not entirely forgotten their motherhood.

It is perfectly astonishing what a fussy woman will put up with when she is camping. Time was when the tent was the thing and sleeping out o' doors was the fad which commanded the multitude. The act itself has still its charms for many, but it is but an incident now of the annual outing. Tents have given way to cottages and houseboats for the most part, and in some cases they have in turn surrendered to tasty and even elegant bungalows, and the simplicity of the recreative term is losing its charm. Then the industry required in dispensing with servants and tackling the household duties in person, has become irksome, and establishments are being set up that are taking the poetry out of it all. The men are getting more exacting as to their meals, the frequent appearance of visitors demands more "style" in the arrangements, so that in some exceptions, the dreariness of conventional ways is being repeated in the sequestered spots where the matrons originally expected to escape it. This, however, be it said to the credit of human nature, is generally untrue. Arcadian simplicity and real, rural, rampant nonchalance rule the roost. So

general is this annual exit from the "brickery we call the city," that means of transportation have been multiplied during the last few years to meet the increased demand. Lake Washington is covered with steamers and launches of various sizes, and regular trips are made by the Sound boats to the different centers of summer population. Walking along the resident streets of the city one is struck with the numerous signs in the windows—"To Let." At first it would seem as though the boasted increase of population must be a fable, until one thinks that in most cases these are mediocre houses which have been occupied by people of moderate incomes who find it cheaper, as well as more healthful and enjoyable, to camp in the fine weather and save rent. In the fall houses will again be at a premium. Cruising from point to point, or rambling in the "pathless woods," one will come across many a group of campers, and occasionally some lone mortal will arrest one's attention, and natural curiosity will be aroused. In these tramps we are never sure of those we meet. Here is a typical scene:

Old man, old man, why sit you there?
Your haggard brow seems full of care;
Your eyes look down with sad intent,
Your shoulders under age are bent.

You seem to move as in a dream,
Reclining by that sylvan stream.
What thoughts can claim that brow of thine?
To what grim fate dost thou resign

Thy poor old life? Canst tell me, sir?
Perhaps sad memories I stir.
Once thou wert young, and strong, and gay—
But that was at some distant day.

Once thou didst stand, like other men,
Upon life's broad highway, and then,
With all the blood of healthy pride
Coursing thy veins, thou didst deride

The change of luck, the curse of fate,
That e'er could make thee desolate.
But now thy clothes are old and torn,
Thy whole appearance is forlorn;

A passing traveler would think
Thou hadst been brought to death's dark brink.
Wilt thou not speak, and say I'm right?
"Sh! sir, I nearly had a bite!"

There is one serious drawback not merely to fishing, but to camping generally, and that is mosquitos! These pesky little torments can make life miserable in spite of the most enjoyable surroundings. A man might live in a paradise, feast his eyes upon the most ravishing scenes, and listen to harmonies the angels themselves could not successfully emulate, but fail to appreciate his privileges, if one of these torturers from the stagnant pool heaves in sight singing its song of plunder. I have lain for hours trying to locate by sound one of these musical marauders, and when guessing its proximity to my forehead (and those of you who remember my appearance know I am not limited in frontal and domic surface), only to nearly crush in what little brains I had to no purpose. I have stirred in my sleep, and then thoroughly aroused to the emergency have set my teeth for the deadly conflict, and alert in every faculty have breathed out vengeance on my aerial enemy, only to fall back utterly exhausted in the encounter, while the merry music still sounded from far. It does not take an army of mosquitos to discomfit one brave man. One flimsy lancer can do it. Twice, three times, quinquennially during the night—for it seemed five years before I got through, I have pursued this elusive little pest until, vanquished and almost heart-broken, I have thrown myself down upon my bed and let him rest upon my bosom and sting his life (and mine) out sweetly there. Camp is the place where mospuitos militate. On one special occasion, had I truly expressed my sentiments, I would have thus addressed my tormentor:

Thou flimsy, airy being,
Thou lightsome, capering thing,
I hear thy constant singing,
Thy glad wings round me ringing—
(But the mischief's in thy sting!)

In the gentle summer evening,
Just upon the verge of night,
While the dew on field and flower,
Glistens in that glorious hour,—
(Goodness! how they bite!)

I can see thee gaily flying
Through the hazy air,
Rising, falling, gliding, dancing,
With thy light wings ever prancing—
(Quick! a towel there;
Bring a glass, now stop that glancing!
What a face! No wonder that you stare!)

The day's toil hardly over
I court a sweet repose.
Still in my dreams I see thee,
Still charmed I cannot flee thee—
(Pshaw! I'm stung upon my nose!)

And I wake and find thee hov'ring
Round my pillow yet—
(Look here, wife, I'm getting tired
Of these creatures, bought or hired,
For I'm sure the thing's required;
Get a mosquito net!)

I will confess that a day's outing usually suits me. When the shades of evening, and the shades on the windows begin to fall, I want the comfort and seclusion of my own home. I am not squeamish about mattresses and pillows, but I prefer those that belong to my regular stopping place. Sitting round a camp-fire on a chilly evening may be a delight to many, but for my own particular taste an open grate in my sitting room will quite as satisfactorily fill the bill. I know these sentiments are not popular. The correct thing to do, if one is able, is to live in luxury nine or ten months out of the year, and then "rough it" the rest. Strong men with tree-trunks for legs and arms bunched with muscles for blacksmithing or forest-felling, may so apportion their recreation time if they please, but a little less strenuousness and not so much mixed with dirt and inconvenience, would suit yours truly. The astonishing thing about it is that it is not the lusty, husky men who dote on this sort of thing. I think many of the men are heroes for their wives' sakes. If the truth were

known, the women make most of the arrangements before their husbands know much about it, and the latter, dear, good souls! meekly follow on. To bring this thought more clearly before you, here is a letter a female camp-fiend once wrote her confidential friend: (Perhaps she did!)

I've just returned from camping, Sue,
I tell you, it is fine;
I've never known of anything
More perfect in its line.
One misses all the trouble of
Appearances, and all
The list of horrid things that make
Society a thrall.

And then, you know, it is just "dear"
To "rough it" for so long;
It costs, of course it does, you can't
Enjoy it for a song.
We do our work—no servants, please,
To fill our lives with woe;
But then the things one often spoils
Quite even up, you know.

We have no stylish china cups
To grace our table, dear;
No cut-glass vases, flower-filled,
In our plain shack appear.
We turn no faucet, thus to draw
The water for our use;
We drag the bucket up the hill,
And offer no excuse.

We pull and haul, and tug and sweat,
Why, just for exercise;
We're "tuckered out" by supper time,
By daylight we arise.
There is no leisure all the day,
Then little sleep at night—
But then we're camping out, you know,
And that is our delight.

Some startling things, once in a while
We find—oh, it is fun!—
A worm crawls in between the sheets,
A bug gets in the bun;
A mouse, oh, horrors! creeps along,
And jumps down on our head,
And, like as not, we'll apprehend
A snake beneath our bed.

In camping time the sun is sure
To shine the livelong day—
At least the probabilities
Are apt to point that way.
But then we've found the weather clerk
Oft tries our patience sore;
For when we want blue sky the most,
It's pretty sure to pour.

I can't deny, sometimes the tube
Is disappointing quite;
It's oft too hot, it's oft too cold,
And ne'er exactly right.
But then, you see, we're on a lark,
We enter it with zest,
And if some little things go wrong,
We try to think it's best.

I've had a cold full half the time,
My rheumatism, too,
Is bothersome; I've sprained my wrist,
And barked my shin, 'tis true.
I've burned my fingers, lamed my back,
My face is freckled o'er,
And yet, when summer comes again,
I think I'll go once more.

Seattle.

SUMMER IN THE SAN JOAQUIN VALLEY.

W. N. Burr.

The equator slipped its leash in July and came bounding into this big, fruitful California valley. It tried hard to teach us the blessed life-lessons of heroism, courage, uncomplaining endurance, and all sorts of other things that are all the same thing; and some of us behaved ourselves like dutiful students bent on learning well every lesson that might be assigned us, and some of us didn't. If Dr. Temple had spent his vacation here instead of up Seattle way, he would never have written the first stanza of his weather moralizings as we read it in this week's Pacific. Instead, those lines would have had to run something like this:

When the skies are red-hot brass,
Then look bright!
When the sun burns up the grass,
And the night
Throws its heated pall o'er thee,
And thy bed seems just to be
Drawn from out some boiling sea,
Then be bright!

That was in July. But now we have had one week of August, and the equator seems to have backed down a little towards that portion of the globe to which it belongs. The thing still hangs around, however, and we feel every day that it may pounce upon us again in all its hot-headed intensity. It is a comfort to feel that equators are obliged to stop to take breath once in a while—it gives the rest of us a chance to fill our lungs and get ready for another stretch of breathless days, if they happen to come.

"I want you to understand," said a good lady to us the other day, "that we are giving you the very worst we have the first year you are with us. We had as unpleasant weather last winter as I have ever seen in this valley, and now we are having the hottest summer. You will never see anything any worse than what you have seen this year."

All of which we are glad to hear. Still, the winter fogs and the summer heat of the San Joaquin Valley are but incidents, and not such appalling incidents, either, as they are in some other portions of the globe.

Today I am comfortable, sitting with books and writing material out of doors on a shaded piazza through the forenoon. Quite a brisk little breeze stirs the leaves of the trees, and I get just enough of it to appreciate the comfort of it. These are days of quietness and some little restfulness, for with the coming of August quite a number of people who remained at home through July have gone to the mountains or seashore, and we shall be more alone, so far as the companionship of people is concerned, this month than last. But people enough remain to keep all all the church services in motion, and we have good times together on Sunday and on Wednesday nights, if there are not quite so many of us.

The town-clock on the school-house is striking eleven. A wagon loaded with camping outfit is just passing—tent, camp-stove, a bale of hay, boxes of provisions, bedding, a man, two women and three children. I wonder if they are really having a good time? It seems to me so much more comfortable here on this shaded piazza, with the trees offering their companionship, and the stretch of green lawn affording rest for the eyes, and the breeze doing its best to make one comfortable, and everything clean! The stay-at-home vacation has its compensations. So has the other kind. We will speak of the delights of the stay-at-home variety when we stay at home, and we shall improve the opportunities to indulge in the wanderer's vacation when that seems practicable. And blessed is he who can always be having a good time, whether his vacation be of the staying or the going kind.

Tulare August 7, 1908.

JOTTINGS.

The Year Book and Its Statistics.

I had been reading with great interest the latest issue of the Church Building Quarterly, and particularly its leading article, "Tabernacle and Tent." It seemed to me to be the best plea for church and parsonage building that I had ever seen, and I turned to find who wrote it. Rev. Charles A. Jones was the name; but who is this Mr. Jones? "My Year-book will tell me," I said, and I found the name in the long catalogue with which the Year-book ends. There appears against the name "St." and "485" and "Hackensack, N. J." I turned to the list of New Jersey churches, but no Hackensack was there. I turned to page 485 only to find a long list of committees, where to seek for any name would be (I would say it if it were not a slight exaggeration and a comparison fearfully original) like hunting for a needle in a hay mow. And then, if I found the name, what would it tell me about him? There remained that "St;" is it a tribute to his saintly character? Ah, no, it can't be that; it means "student;" but that was not quite satisfactory, so, turning to the head of the long list I found the "St." means "Superintendent"—"a Home Missionary Superintendent," I said to myself, and forthwith turned to the list of these officers, but no Mr. Jones was there. So I settled down in despair. All I could know about Mr. Jones was what his fine article revealed.

But this suggests an attempt to discover what another, a college classmate, say, or any other old friend, might find there about myself. I really did not expect to see any recognition of my relation to Bethany church as pastor emeritus, for it means little to others, though much to me, that the dear flock to which I ministered for thirty-two years wished to retain even a nominal relationship as a memorial of the former active one. What, then, could be said for me? "1852" was the only answer. It meant that I was ordained in 1852, which is the fact. What would it mean to some one inquiring about me as I had been inquiring about Mr. Jones? This, certainly: that since 1852 ended almost 56 years ago, the said Pond is a superannuate, laid on the shelf, resting and waiting till his time of departure may come. "Peace to his soul!" I confess that the reflection was not agreeable to me.

To comfort myself I turned to the name of Bro. Jewett, statistical secretary and servant of the churches in manifold directions—a man than whom scarcely any could be more missed if he were laid upon the shelf or taken away. I was comforted to find against his name "104," which, I said, certainly means something in the way of active service; and I turned to the page eagerly. It showed him to be clerk of our First Church in Berkeley(!) a position which might possibly be filled by one as superannuated as myself. And this is all so far as I can find which the Year-book shows about the man who contributed to it at least eight pages of its elaborate and excellent statistics.

Now, I was statistical secretary once, and the churches owe me a debt of gratitude for turning the work over to Bro. Jewett as my successor, and I know how hard it is to make statistics accurate and full. Therefore, I shall never grumble at a statistician's work, and when I remember the painstaking which the statistics of the churches of California, few and far between in those early years, cost me, I stand almost in awe when I get a new Year-book and run my eye over its 550 closely printed pages. Yet, I still would like to know who that Mr. Jones is; and I would like to have other people know that neither Bro. Jewett nor I are superannuates.

The New Chinese Mission House,

in San Francisco, headquarters of our whole work, put to gospel uses every day of the week and at least sixtee hours out of every day, destroyed in the great calamity, is at last to be restored. I hope that before this reaches the eyes of the readers of The Pacific the walls will be rising; that the roof will be on before the rains, and that some time near Christmas it will be ready for dedication. The loan which was indispensable before we could dare to begin, has been made sure to us by the mother society, the American Missionary Society. An appeal to this amiable mother of us all was a desperate one. We would not have made it otherwise. The A. M. A. has heavy burdens to bear a work like ours, too large for its income to sustain. But it has come to our relief, and we begin to see the leadership of God in all the series of delays and disappointments to which we have been subjected, for not only is the loan at a lower interest than would have been anywhere else required, but labor and materials have returned to normal prices, and we will save hundreds of dollars in cost, or else get a better building than would otherwise have been attainable. W. C. P.

VACATION RELIGION.

Christian Endeavor Topic for August 23rd.

Albert W. Palmer.

A wisely-planned, genuine vacation will be a time for wearing out old clothes and renewing worn-out nerves; a time for getting away from conventional society and living life upon a primitive program of out-of-doors, plenty to eat and early to be bed, early to rise. It is a time when a man may best let go, for the time being, the deeper problems o f his own life and of society and surrender himself gladly and trustfully to the mountains, the woods, the river, the sea, and all the apparently trivial occupations of vacation days. The more completely a man can get out of the ordinary rut of life the better. Cut loose from all your personal prejudices, steer out to sea, welcome each day and its new experiences, and try to look at the world through new and impartial eyes. If you have anything like a sound constitution the result will be a body strong and elastic—ready for another year's work, and a mind stored with new impressions, eager to take up the old problems, but seeing them from a higher angle. And, if you had any measure of real religion to start with, the result will be a broader and deeper religious life as well.

Our topic, as I understand it, has to do with this last

statement. It may be expanded into: How may a vacation be useful in renewing and upbuilding our religious as well as our physical and mental capacities? We are interested in vacation religion not as an end in itself, but as a means of bringing renewed life to the religious interests of all the rest of the year. How shall a vacation be made spiritually stimulating?

1. The companionship of Nature.—The first spiritual influence vacation brings is, or should be, the world of God's out-of-doors. I do not mean we are to go about consciously seeking a religious message from every tree and hill. Let it be enough just to live with Nature—walk often upon the trail, take time to be silent beside the roar of the sea, if possible sleep in the open air, where you can look up at the stars, and feel the hush of midnight and the awakening of dawn. Do not try to read your ideas into Nature; rather be content to lose yourself in the presence of the mountains or the sea and learn to wait and listen. Do not be anxious for some great message to come pealing in your ear, just be glad to be alone in the presence of these great revealers of the God who made them.

2. The companionship of books. I believe in taking a book along on a vacation—a book to be lived with, read page by page, lovingly, loiteringly. During my vacation this year I read Scott's "Quentin Durward," and "Religion and Medicine," the new book of the Emmanuel Movement They were my friends, one of them always in my knapsack. A book read a few pages by the side of a mountain stream, a few more on top of a pass, a few more at the noon-day halt, and yet others in your sleeping-bag by candle light becomes a very real and intimate friend—there is time to chat with it and time to sit in silence with it. In vacation time let at least one good book enter into the very marrow of your bones, or, to change the figure, go out through the door of some book into a new and unexplored country.

3. The companionship of folks. Religion is a social as well as individual matter. Vacations bring people, often strangers, together under conditions which make for frankness and reality, conditions where conventional standards and labels are largely obscured, and for this reason there come opportunities for interesting and delightful interchanges of ideas on religious subjects. Outdoor life stimulates a passion for reality and cant doesn't ring true in the mountains. One summer I shared a stateroom with a sailor whom I grew to like very much indeed. The third day out he said: "Say, partner, what's your business?" "Oh, I'm one of those parsons you were hitting so hard the other day," I replied. "Sure now," he said, "you don't believe all that stuff in the Bible—about Jonah and the whale for instance!" Whereat I gave him an elementary course in modern Biblical interpretation, to which he listened with the keenest interest. "Well, that sounds sensible," he commented, "and you must pardon me for speaking the way I did, but nobody ever put it up to me this way before!" We parted good friends; he had taught me much about the sea and I trust I had let in some light upon the clouded pages of his Bible.

4. Vacations Sundays. I believe in going to church even in vacation. The little churches in seaside resorts are often very interesting and helpful. One of the sermons I find I cannot forget I heard in a little Baptist church in Oceanside. Avalon would not be complete without its Congregational Church, and when shall I ever forget the services in St. Paul's or Canterbury Cathedrals and R. J. Campbell's sermon at the City Temple, heard when on a vacation in England?

This summer on the Sierra Club outing in the Kern River Canyon, many of us found Sunday made especially beautiful by the quiet and simple service held early in the forenoon out under the great pines a little way from the main camp. It was not the power of the preacher or the sermons, it was rather the beauty of the great cliffs and noble trees and the satisfaction of giving expression in a service of religious worship to those feelings of reverence and awe with which the beauty of the week had filled our souls.

Among the Churches.

California.

San Francisco, First.—The Rev. Dr. Adams is expected in his pulpit next Sunday.

Los Angeles, First.—The Rev. Dr. William Horace Day and wife are off on a trip to Alaska. After which they will go East for a few weeks.

San Francisco.—The Mission Congregational Church, formed recently by a union of Third and Olivet churches, has bought a lot 85 by 114 feet in size on the corner Nineteenth and Dolores strets. It is a fine location, facing the new park in that part of the city and just opposite the site of the Youth's Directory building, soon to be erected. The old sites, on Fifteenth and Mission, and Noe and Seventeenth, will be sold and considerable be realized for the construction of the house of worship.

Oakland, Pilgrim.—The new addition to the church building will be dedicated at 5 p. m. next Sunday. It is so arranged as to make an admirable room for the boys' brigade during the week and for Sunday-school purposes on Sunday. By adjustable partitions eight class rooms can be arranged. Wednesday evening of next week, as a part of the dedicatory services a meeting will be held, at which addresses will be made by the Revs. Albert W. Palmer and H. K. Booth on Work Among the Young, and The Bible School.

Grass Valley.—Notwithstanding the unusually hot summer, the morning and evening congregations have been large at Grass Valley and considerable religious interest is manifested. On a recent Sabbath two adult members were admitted to the church who attributed their decision to unite with the church to the sermon which was preached by the pastor the Sabbath before. The Sunday-school has been graded and put upon a scientific basis. The pastor, Rev. E. Harvey Hadlock, is spending his vacation on a hunting and camping trip in the interior of Oregon. During his absence there is no preaching service, but the Sunday-school is maintained as usual, and the Christian Endeavor Society has charge of the Wednesday evening service.

Berkeley, First.—At a meeting held Tuesday evening a unanimous call was extended the Rev. Harry R. Miles of Brattlebro, Vermont. Mr. Miles was first suggested to the committee of fifteen by the Rev. Mr. Parsons, rector of St. Mark's Church (Episcopal), of Berkeley, who became acquainted with him some years ago at the universities in Germany. On a recent trip East President McLean of Pacific Theological Seminary made special inquiry and Mr.

Miles had such commendation that the committee unanimously advised that he be called. He is a graduate of Harvard College and of Yale Divinity School; was ordained in 1894, and has been pastor of Center Church, Brattleboro, since 1899. When first interviewed as to the Berkeley pastorate, Mr. Miles was not much inclined toward it. But, when the matter had been fully presented to him, he saw the opportunities of the field and said that a call would be given most earnest consideration. Unless there should be some unforseen developments, it is safe to say that the call will be accepted.

Washington.

Ritzville.—Rev. Wm. M. Proctor returns after a month's vacation spent mostly at Snohomish and Seacoma Beach.

Richmond Beach.—The new Congregational Church building, the first in the town, was dedicated recently, the sermon being by Superintendent Scudder. Rev. T. E. Tedford of Edmunds, the Rev. Dr. Samuel Green, and Evangelist Reid assisted in the services. The auditorium, which will accommodate about 200 persons, is seated with chairs, but pews will be put in later.

Seattle, Vacation Personals.—Rev. W. H. G. Temple, D.D., is spending his vacation in Seattle, preaching at the various churches and renewing old acquaintances. Rev. H. C. Mason is spending his vacation at Eagle Harbor. Dr. Penrose is near Longbranch, where he preaches alternate Sundays to our recently formed church. Rev. C. F. Clark is at Seacoma Beach. Dr. E. L. Smith takes a short vacation in the Yellowstone, Dr| Kantner summers on Puget Sound, Dr. F. J. Van Horn supplies the First Church, Oakland, and spends his week days near there.

Seattle, Fauntleroy Park.—A neat little chapel, 38 by 56 feet in size, has been built in this suburb. Citizens turned out to the number of forty or more, and the work was soon done. In the morning the lot on which the building was to stand was covered with uncleared brush. In the evening ferns and shrubs had been replaced by a substantial frame chapel, in which every board had been sawed and every nail driven by these willing workers. The first sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. Strong of the Queen Anne Church. His pulpit was made up of five buches of shingles. The congregation was seated on benches improvised from planks laid across nail kegs and bundles of shingles.

OREGON LETTER.

By George H. Himes.

Mrs. Elizabeth Evans Jones, of the First Church, Portland, celebrated the eighty-first anniversary of her birth last Sunday, and received congratulations from many friends who have known her intimately for more than a third of a century. She was born in Wales, August 2, 1827, and came to the United States in 1832, when five years old, with her parents, who settled in the State of New York, and three years later removed to Portage county, Ohio. Here she grew to womanhood, and in 1846 was married to William P. Jones, also a native of Wales, who had preceded her some years. In 1850 he crossed the plains to California, allured thither by the wonderful reports concerning the fabulous gold discoveries, which were so generally circulated all over the Eastern and Middle States in 1849. Late in October, 1853, Mrs. Jones started for the "Golden Gate," with one child—a little girl—via the Isthmus, and nine weeks later met her husband in San Francisco. The united family went at once to Nevada county, to a home already prepared, although well on the frontier, and remained there until 1869, during which time six more children were born. Of the seven children—three girls and four boys—three boys are now living. Thirty-nine years ago Mr. and Mrs. Jones came to Portland, and on January 4, 1874, they united with the First Church, although they had been Christians many years before that, and never wearied in attendance or support to the best of their ability until death removed Mr. Jones from this to the other life in 1895. Since then Mrs. Jones has followed on the Christian's path alone, but with a hopeful and trustful Christian spirit, constantly doing good and unostentatiously commending the Christian life in her daily round of duties. It is a rare occasion, indeed, that her accustomed place in the church is found vacant, notwithstanding she has passed the fourscore milestone of life, and her hearty and cheerful spirit and willingness to work in the Master's vineyard in every way she can bears signal testimony to the peace she has found and the trust she has in the eternal verities of the Christian hope.

Deacon Oscar Eaton, of the Oswego Church, was given a birthday celebration yesterday by Oswego Grange No. 175, Patrons of Husbandry—an organization with which he has been prominently identified since 1883—in honor of his reaching the great age of eighty-eight years. Deacon Eaton was born in Chautauqua county, New York, August 8, 1820, on a farm, and lived there until 1850, when he removed to Grand Traverse county, Michigan, where he acquired a quarter section of timber land and cleared up about thirty acres for a farm. On August 15, 1862, he enlisted in the Twenty-sixth Michigan Infantry, and served through the Civil War with credit. He was in the Second Army Corps, commanded by General Winfield S. Hancock, and his brigade commander was General Nelson A. Miles. He was in many engagements that were particularly trying, among them the Wilderness, Spotsylvania Court House, Coal Harbor and Petersburg. He was discharged from service in June, 1865, and at once returned to his farm. In 1871, getting tired of the cold winters of Michigan, he came to Oregon, and first settled at Forest Grove. In 1880 he moved to the vicinity of Oswego, where he has made his home up to the present time. His first vote was cast for Henry Clay in 1844, and he has voted for every Whig and Republican candidate for the Presidency since.

He became a Christian in 1841, and he has been a witness bearer for Christ under all circumstances for sixty-seven years. He identified himself with the Forest Grove Church immediately upon his arrival there, and when he went to Oswego he allied himself with that church as soon as an organization was effected. Rev. R. E. Jones and Rev. D. B. Gray, both of whom have served the Oswego church at different times, were present yesterday and testified to the helpfulness of Deacon Eaton during their pastorates. Many others were present, some of whom knew him more than fifty years ago in Michigan—all testifying to the nobility of his character, his kindliness of spirit, and his continual striving day by day to do good to somebody, and all without ostentation. In all Oregon there is probably no man who commands greater respect—and his range of acquaintance is very large—as a good citizen in every sense than Deacon Eaton. His presence in any gathering is a benediction, particularly when he gives testimony out of the fulness of his heart concerning the value and importance of the Christian life, as a result of a close walk with Christ in his effort to follow him. Although old as measured by

years, he is young in spirit as ever. While physical infirmities are beginning to sadly tell on his physical frame, Deacon Eaton's mind is active and alert and the hope is that he will yet be spared a good while to bless those who come in contact with him.

At a meeting of the trustees of First Church a short time ago it was decided that it would be wise to abandon the work at Pilgrim Chapel in South Portland, dispose of the property, valued at $4,000, and use the fund in establishing the foundation of a church at some point in the city where there were prospects of more certain growth.

Portland, August 9, 1908.

A NEW MISSIONARY SCHOONER.

Authorization was telegraphed from the American Board this week to Rev. A. C. Walkup and Secretary H. M. Tenney to sign contracts for the building of a new schooner for the Gilbert Island work in Micronesia. The new vessel will be fifty feet in length, with auxiliary gasoline engine. She will be called the Hiram Bingham, in honor of the veteran missionary who has wrought so nobly in this field. The Congregational Sunday schools of the country will be asked to make a special offering in October for the building of this boat. H. P. Anderson of San Francisco has secured the contract, and will be required to complete her in three months.

The poem by the Rev. Minot J. Savage, on the cover page of The Pacific this week, was written thirty-five years ago.

The Rev. E. J .Singer, who has been at Orloff, in Paradise valley, for some time, is quite ill now at the hospital at Stirling, having been taken from Orloff to Stirling last Saturday.

If any readers of the Pacific are in need of a capable man to care for a garden and lawn and to do general outside work they will confer a favor by communicating with Sec. H. M. Tenney, Room 18, Barker Block, Berkeley, who will send them a young man whom they will be glad to employ.

THOUGHTS OF GOD.

The stars spell out God's name
In fire and flame.
The mountains, towering, high,
Shout, "God is nigh."
Wherever oceans roll,
God's name is told.
Little flowers everywhere
Lisp, "God is here."
The tumbling waterfall
Obeys God's call.
Men cannot live apart
From God's own heart.
The savage in his den
Must worship Him.
The cultured, Christian man
Heeds God's command.
God loves poor, fallen man
In every land!
God always loves you, men,
Do you love Him?
Man will pray evermore
On every shore.
On life's great battlefield
God is a shield.
In all earth's broad domains
God's mercy reigns.
Let men and angels sing
Of Him, our King.
Jehovah is the name
Men will proclaim.
God's way should be our way
For life's short day.
If I live on land or sea
God comforts me.
For the crown that he will give,
Let me love and live..
Oh, be patient, kind and true,
He will lead you through.

—W. W. Riley, Woodland, Cal.

THE HOME

Spin cheerfully,
Not tearfully,
Though wearily you plod.
Spin carefully,
Spin prayerfully,
But leave the thread to God.
The shuttles of His purpose move
To carry out His own design;
Seek not too soon to disapprove
His work, nor yet assign
Dark motives, when with silent dread
You view each somber fold;
For lo! within each darker thread
There gleams a thread of gold.
Spin cheerfully,
Not tearfully,
He knows the way you plod;
Spin carefully,
Spin prayerfully,
But leave the thread to God.

—Exchange.

"SMILING CONQUERORS."

Better than poems, essays or sermons is the lesson of contentment to be learned from the interesting human lives which surround us.

Heroes and martyrs elbow us daily in the crowded city streets, but there is none to sing their praises or tell their courageous history.

What a world this would be were we all awake to the wonders of it, instead of being perception-muffled by conventionality and indifference!

A little Italian newsboy once taught the writer a beautiful lesson in unselfish, smiling devotion. He was but ten years old, but what a brave little toiler! We became acquainted in a most interesting way (it would take too long to tell the whole story), and one evening, soon after, page by page, lovinfily, loiteriggly. During my vacation From the supper table into the kitchen his teacher quickly went to find Antonio standing, cap in hand, a bundle of newspapers, wet with snow, beneath one small, sturdy arm. He looked cold and pinched, and, in spite of his bright brown eyes, and the smile which hovered about his

half-frozen mouth, seemed a miserable specimen of boyhood.

Soon a plate heaped with hot viands was placed before him, and hoping to see the boy eat with pleased avidity, the teacher paused beside him, but much to her surprise Antonio sat looking across his plate at the wall beyond.

"Are you not hungry, Antonio?" was asked in wonder at this unusual state of affairs. The boy hung his head, and answered in a low, hurried tone, "But, you see, I would rather take it home to the little ones. I'm not hungry, no!" and the brave little hero looked appealingly into his teacher's eyes. Of course he was hungry, for he made things fairly fly after the promise that "the little ones" should have plenty too, but what a lesson in unselfishness!

Antonio's was a remarkable character, so thoughtful was he, while at the same time being one of the most active, indefatigable workers one could well find. He would spend hours of the cold, pitiless winter days picking up kindling wood along the railroad tracks, and then sell his papers till nine o'clock at night. He was "no lazy, dirty Neopolitan," but an "industrious little Genosese," as was proudly confided to the teacher by his cheerful, hard-worked mother.

Father, mother and seven children ranging in age from Mary, thirteen, to Mary of six months (and there was a third "of the blessed name" who had gone to heaven), made up the household.

Always hard at work, with never quite enough money to give all plenty to eat, and at the same time pay the rent, this Italian family was, nevertheless, clean, contented and happy.

Many times a welcome guest in the poor little home, the "teacher" sometimes has wondered if the window-box containing its wealth of emerald parsley did not also contain some blessed element from which the smiling-eyed Italian mother brewed deep draughts of sweet content for her little family.

If it had not been for the Irish boys screaming "dago" after him in the streets, Antonio would have been the happiest boy in town, but as it was, he set his white teeth together and went on patiently "working for the little ones," with just a muttered bit of scorn at the rudeness of the idle boys.

The writer once had the good fortune to meet a noble-hearted woman whose hopeful spirit and sunny disposition as well as her beautiful Christian resignation preached another long-to-be-remembered sermon.

The text might well have been, "The joy of the Lord is your strength." For twelve weary years, so I learned, this uncanoned saint had been a sufferer from insomnia, her maximum of sleep amounting to but three and a half hours out of the entire twenty-four, while sometimes but two hours' fitful slumber fell to the share of this stricken woman. Under her physician's orders much of the day was spent in the open air, but not once could she experience the blissful sense of drowsiness, that vestibule of blessed sleep.

Notwithstanding this grave state of affairs, one never saw the invalid "blue" or anything less than cheerful, and at times she was brimful of life and overflowing with delicious, irresistible fun and nonsense.

"I would dearly love to sleep just one whole night through, once again," she said musingly one day, "but remedies fail, and physicians and friends advise in vain. Some day it must end in death—or madness, I suppose, but I'm going to keep smiling and hopeful till that day comes."

A moment later her courtly, devoted husband entered and walked toward her with the tender look of concern his face always wore when he approached his brave little wife, and instantly the heroic woman threw all thought of coming ill to the winds, and soon we were laughing merrily over one of her witty little stories.

I forgot to ask, but should not much wonder if the brave woman's life motto were this, from Victor Hugo's pen:

Hope for tomorrow, child! then hope again tomorrow!
These morrows evermore!
Trust in the coming day!

People tell us that a sunny, contented disposition is constitutional, so we must not fail to give due credit to those melancholy creatures who are cheerful only when they force themselves into the mood.

Another "living epistle" was seen and read by the writer, one summer some years ago. In answer to an advertisement our select little party had found a pleasant boarding place in a beautiful part of Pennsylvania. As we descended from the wheezy, rickety little stage which had conveyed us in leisurely fashion from the small dingy station to our destination, my first thought was, "This is a charming, restful spot and will suit us perfectly," when my eyes fell upon a queer gnome-like little figure perched upon the piazza railing. "Is he boy or misshapen dwarf?" flashed across me.

Later we learned that the grotesque, twisted figure, the old, shrewd face, belonged to an invalid boy of scarce eleven years.

While unpacking my belongings the boy's face and figure haunted me; nothing had ever affected me in such a peculiar, nervous way, nor could the weird, questioning gaze of those marvelous bright eyes be dispelled.

The supper bell rang, and in silent reluctance I followed the others into the cozy dining-room. Oddly enough it chanced that the afflicted boy was my vis-a-vis. For a moment nature rebelled; it really seemed as if to eat with zest under this depressing state of affairs would be impossible.

It was while planning a change of place before breakfast time next morning that our gentle-voiced Quaker hostess entered the dining-room and in simple-hearted fashion proceeded to introduce the later arrived guests to the rest about the table.

As we had supposed, the sad-faced, refined lady beside the invalid boy was his mother. "And this," said our hostess, in most cordial tones, "is Bennie Fields!" with which she laid a kindly hand upon the boy's shoulder and smiled benignantly.

The ice of formality thus gently broken, a moment later, to my great surprise, a bright bit of originality fell from Bennie's lips which made everybody laugh heartily.

Two hours later Bennie and I were chatting as freely as old acquaintances could have done. So bright, so witty, so original were his boyish sayings that his sad infirmities were for the time actually obliterated. Sorrow and pain and the lack of all that makes boyhood happy had not embittered him, but had made him old for his years and wise in many things.

It did not take many days to find out his unfailing patience, his shrewd, philosophic reasoning, his loving unselfishness, for he set every one of us a shining example and made friends of all.

More than anyone I ever knew, Bennie possessed the "smiling spirit" poet-sung. Rough without, his true little

heart was a polished gem. Many a time, all unknown to the boy, have I seen him hold his poor aching back with both hands and grit his teeth hard from intense pain, but let his patient, distressed little mother suddenly appear and Bennie would hastily gulp down his agony, sometimes making frightful grimaces before the rigid pain-lines about his mouth would soften into a smile, but smile he would, this young hero martyr.

When feeling too badly to talk, after one of these paroxysms, he would silently bury his face in his mother's dress and wait for strength; at other times he would eagerly make some funny little remark, often about himself, "just to make mother laugh, you know."

Ah, Bennie, you were a "star actor," and surely "the angels who behold the face of their Father" must often have watched you with wondering, love-filled eyes!

One morning several rollicking, sturdy boys asked Bennie to join in their play, "Captain Kidd," or "Wild Indians," or some such boisterous amusement, and the boy left me, with a look of delight on his face.

Occasionally peals of boyish laughter distracted my attention from the book I was reading, and a half inclination to join the fun came over me, which if acted upon might have prevented what followed.

Presently the laughter died away—then came an indistinct murmur of excited boyish voices—then all was still. A moment later something caused me to look up, and there, toiling slowly, painfully up the ascent from the village street to the house, was Bennie.

Hastening toward him I beheld him for once "a knight of the rueful countenance." He was ashen with pain and trembling visibly; his face below the eyes seemed to writhe, but the brown eyes, bright with unshed tears, even then showed a gleam of humor.

In answer to a hurried inquiry of sympathy the little hero answered, "Yes, they did pound me pretty bad, but they didn't mean to." Then dashing the tears from his eyes he set his mouth in a determined fashion which meant stern resolve, for he had seen his mother coming toward him with a look of pained anxiety on her pale face.

"O, my boy, were they rough with you? Did they hurt you?" she asked piteously.

"Only what they couldn't help, mother," he answered. "I've settled it now. Boys don't understand me. I'd better not play with them any more, had I?"

His brave, whimsical tones and sunny smile were irresistible. "Anyway, mother, you know I like grown-ups better, for they understand me, you know, and—and never make sport of me, do they?"

Three weeks after our first meeting Bennie and his mother returned to the city, and the way everybody missed that boy was wonderful.

"As Bennie would say," became a daily expression, while the lesson of his struggle to be sunny-hearted, and make the best of even his deepest suffering, seemed almost beyond belief, and could not well be forgotten.

It has been said that "all emotion is a gracious gift of God to man, and we ought to bless our very faculty of pain, by which we so often pass to good," but in the case of this boyish martyr pain pressed almost ceaselessly,

> Such wearing pain
> As has no end in view; that makes of life
> One weary avenue of darkened days.

Such was the sorrowful portion of this sufferer. It really seemed as if he "had set his soul to suffer perfectly" and conquered. Surely, if one small boy could, in all his stress of agony, accomplish so much, we, who fully enjoy our God-bestowed faculties, should, at least in the times when free from special suffering, be happy and cheerful and contented.

"It is a comely fashion to be glad. Joy is the grace we say to God," Jean Ingelow sweetly tells us.

It might not be a bad idea to commit the lines to memory, and repeat them on the "blue Mondays," rumpled Fridays and busy Saturdays of our hurried, ofttimes discontented lives.

Happiness is a wayside flower, free to all who will pluck it, not a rare orchid only to be purchased by the rich. There is a bit of joy in every floating, fleecy cloud, every golden sunset tint in each day's evening sky. There is music in the free winds of heaven if hearts are a-tune to catch the harmony. And, best of all, there is the thought of our Fathers approving smile, that sunlight of His presence so sweet, so invigorating, so marvelous that we may learn to rejoice even "under the shadow."

> Beneath the shadow of Thy wing,
> My soul content doth softly sing.
> No breath of danger or of harm
> Can touch me, or my soul alarm.
> Loud roar the winds, but safe am I,
> Unruffled as the summer sky.
> In peace and comfort 'neath Thy wing,
> My soul doth softly sit and sing.

—Miss M. G. Woodhull, in The Christian Advocate.

THE LITTLE TUNKER BONNET.

A maiden came driving a sleek black mare
Into the town, into the town;
And the light wind lifted her raven hair
In innocent ringlets hanging down
To the neck of her fleecy, lead-colored gown,
From under the puckered, silken crown
Of her little Tunker bonnet.

She'd a red-rose lip and an eye of brown,
And dimples rare, and dimples rare,
But the lassies laughed as she rode in town,
For the graceful gown that she wore with care
Had never a flounce upon it,
And they made remarks on her rustic air,
And wondered what country hulk would dare
Make love to that "queer old bonnet."

O merry town girls, you do not know,
Acres are wide, acres are wide;
And wheat and corn fields lying a-row
Are the Tunker's wealth and the Tunker's pride;
And the farm and houses on it,
The cow for milk, and the horse to ride,
Are gift and dower for the bonny bride
That weareth the Tunker bonnet.

But the merchant beau in the dry goods store
Welcomed her in, welcomed her in;
And the sweet little face with smiles ran o'er
As the cunning purse of crocodile skin,
With the clicking clasp upon it,
She drew at each purchase, and from within
Coaxed arguments that were there to win
Sure grace for the Tunker bonnet.

Then she mounted her buggy and drove away
Through meadows sweet, through meadows sweet,
Where her graybeard father raked the hay
By the Tunker church where the turnpikes meet
The church with the steeple on it.
Said the merchant, musing, "Her style is neat,
I'll join the Tunkers, raise beard and wheat,
And win that little bonnet."

—B. S. Parker.

Young People

AN APRIL SHOWER.

'May I please get board and lodging here?" asked the little school teacher of a tall, gaunt-looking country woman who lived in the Greenbrier school district.

Miss Rebecca took a few steps nearer the little front porch upon which the woman was standing.

"Please say 'Yes,' " said Rebecca sweetly.

This remark did not seem to settle well on our rural neighbor. She shook her head forcibly and said very sternly: "No, ma'am; I don't take women boarders."

Rebecca nevertheless pressed her suit. "I am teaching the spring term at the little school just over the hill, and it would be so convenient right here. I could easily walk both ways, and then the road isn't a bit lonesome along here. This is my first school, and I am a stranger in the neighborhood. At present I am at the village inn until I can get with a private family."

"No, indeed; I wouldn't have such a thing as a woman boarder around, and then especially a schoolmarm, a-giggling at my mistakes. You might as well try farther out the road. There are some folks who might be persuaded to take women boarders who live a little farther out."

The woman then stepped down to where Rebecca was standing, in order to show her the direction of a certain house where she might perhaps find lodging. In such close range with her friend, Rebecca found that she was not so homely, but her mode of dressing made her severe looking. Her dark brown hair, the very shade of her own, was tightly drawn into a knot at the back of her head; the muscles of her neck and face were drawn and rigid-looking, probably from the stern attitude of life that she was taking.

After thanking her for her kindness in directing her, Rebecca asked some questions of the immediate neighborhood to draw her new friend into conversation and, if possible, to make the woman have a kindly feeling toward her; for she wished to go no farther away from her work.

It had been a beautiful spring day; but, as if directed by Providence, an April shower came up so suddenly and sprinkled down so heavily upon them that our friend was forced to ask Rebecca up on the porch till the shower was over. The door of the little drawing-room stood ajar, and Rebecca got a glimpse of the portrait of a noted divine. "Oh, I see the picture of the Reverend Mr. Moore!" said the little teacher. "I joined his church when I was a child."

"You are a Methodist, then," cried our friend.

"Yes," replied Rebecca, "and Mr. Moore was our pastor at that time; but his health failing, he went West. A great, good man he was."

Rebecca was then ushered into the little parlor, where she might have a better view of the portrait.

It was still raining, or rather, during the conversation on the merits of Mr. Moore it had stopped; but the clouds were quickly gathering, bringing shower after shower. "You had better have a chair, Miss. I believe it is still raining; and if you don't mind, I will draw a cup of tea. These here spring rains are sorter chilling. Here is the family album that you might entertain yourself with while I brew the tea."

Rebecca thanked her and took the book; but about the peskiest thing in the world, in Rebecca's mind, was a photograph album—people who had lived over a hundred years ago. Still she turned the pages, for perhaps her new friend might question her about them. But they all looked alike to her—the women with their hoop skirts and bishop sleeves and high-dressed hair. Even the children looked alike. As she leisurely turned the pages she thought she recognized a picture. She now looked closely. Yes, the more she looked the more convinced she was that it was her grandmother's picture on her father's side. Yes, and there was her grandfather also. Not waiting for any ceremonies, Rebecca rushed out into the kitchen with the album in her hand.

"What do you think? here are my grandfather's and grandmother's pictures."

The astonished woman then took the book, and after turning several pages showed Rebecca another picture.

"Oh, that is my father!" cried the girl.

"And that is my brother," said the woman.

"So you are my Aunt Rebecca, my father's only sister, for whom I am named. I have heard father speak of you so often, but we lost your address after you went West."

So the two talked until bedtime; and when the aunt accompanied her niece back to the lodging house at the inn, she helped Rebecca gather her belongings.

"Are you going to take Miss Rebecca away from us?" asked the innkeeper.

"What's the use for a child to go stalking around the neighborhood to live, with her own aunt right here in the midst?"

"I thought some of the neighbors would work in one of their relatives in the school," said the innkeeper to one of the men standing around; but it was a good thing that Aunt Rebecca didn't hear his remark.

As they walked back home the aunt said: "Rebecca, I believe that it was all through that album that we found each other."

"No, aunt; I believe it was all through that April shower," said Rebecca.

A MONKEY'S PRANKS.

Louis W., now a prosperous business man in a large city, was born in Denmark, and when young was a sailor and visited many parts of the world. One evening lately he told the following story to a group of children and grown-ups:

Somewhere in the East a monkey was found and taken on board of the ship as a mascot He was a large, brawny fellow, stronger than any of his sailor companions, and was as full of mischief as the little fellows who are so funny to watch capering about in cages. The monkey became a great pet of the sailors and at night would go into the forecastle and sleep in the bunk of one of the sailors whose duty happened to keep him on deck. The days were spent

in romping with the sailors and getting into mischief.

One day when the vessel was in an English port, a crowd of people stood on the wharf watching the large monkey on the deck. Some would throw things up to the monkey which he would cleverly catch, examine, then eat, if to his liking. In the crowd and close to the ship's side stood a well-dressed man in frock coat and high silk hat. This man wrapped a cigar in paper and tossed it to the monkey, who caught it, opened the package, tasted the cigar and then broke it up and threw it overboard. Holding on the lower rigging, he slyly leaned out and quickly grabbed the man's silk hat with which he hurried up the shrouds and perched on a yardarm. First he pulled out the lining of the hat and threw it at the man, then he tore the hat to pieces, throwing it bit by bit back to the owner. The monkey and the crowd seemed to enjoy the performance, but the hatless man didn't.

At another time a store boy came aboard with some delicacies for the captain's table. He carried the basket on his shoulder and had not noticed the monkey sitting on one of the life boats just above. The monkey sitting on one of basket from the boy's shoulder and quickly scampered up the rigging. The boy, astonished and bewildered by the sudden disappearance of the basket, could do nothing but watch Mr. Monkey sitting aloft quietly selecting the things to examine, taste and throw overboard. When the basket was emptied it followed the fragments of things that the monkey could not or would not eat.

His spirit of mischief finally brought the poor monkey to a very sad end. One day the captain entered his cabin and discovered the monkey having a lively time. A box of expensive cigars had been opened and destroyed. A valuable nautical book had been carefully inspected and each leaf of the book had the corner torn off by the monkey's deft fingers. The captain had a handsome gold watch which he had left hanging on the wall of his cabin, and which was worth more to him than the mere money value. The monkey had found the watch more attractive than either the cigars or the book, but when he saw the captain come in he must have known that he was doing wrong, for he darted out of the cabin and climbed up the mast, carrying the watch with him. The captain called all hands on deck to rescue his precious watch, and the monkey was chased to the top of the mizzen mast. Two agile sailors started after him, but the captain called them to wait. He feared the monkey, with his great strength, might push the sailors off, or when cornered would surely throw the watch into the sea, as was his custom when caught stealing things. The captain went to his cabin for his rifle and with one shot brought the monkey to the deck, dead with the watch still clasped tightly in his hand.

Though every sailor knew that such a sad end was necessary and justifiable, there was not a dry eye on board the ship. Even the captain joined them in their grief.—A. Duncan.

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